

# SONG.

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TUNE,

*“Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.”*

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Your purse, master Nick, is now growing slack,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
To St. Stephen's, I fear, you will not get back ;  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
Lero, lero, &c.

You now are oppos'd by the Son of old DAN,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
A sensible, clear headed, proper young man,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
Lero, lero, &c.

The Electors at length have open'd their eyes,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
Your pitiful shuffling tricks they despise ;  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
Lero, lero, &c.

You promise, you cringe, you scrape, and you  
bow,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
But alas ! you must yield to the weighty Red Cow.  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
Lero, lero, &c.

Make up your mind and return to your home,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
To be kick'd out by Gerrard, is surely your doom,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
Lero, lero, &c.

If you squander your Cash, as you have done of late,  
Lill-li burlero bullen-a-la.  
The Red Cow will graze upon Ardrum Estate,  
Lill-li burlerobullen-a-la.  
Lero, lero, &c.